Adult Babies

A WET, PISSY DREAM

I've been reading your magazine for several years and, like many, always look forward to the articles on bedwetting, diapers, etc. I can't remember ever writing to a magazine before, but after reading some letters in recent issues, I just couldn't contain myself anymore.

To start with, I'm a white male of average looks, thirty-six years young, and have many average, conventional interests. I'm college educated and have been divorced for four years after a twelve-year marriage to a girl who is incontinent, but that's another story in itself. I'd like to share a story about my first experience with a girl who wore diapers, and probably still does for all I know.

When I was younger, I had a girlfriend named Barb who was a year younger than I. Now, Barb was fantastic: about five feet two inches, one hundred ten pounds, short blond hair, blue eyes and the sweetest little body that a girl could ever have. Anyway, Barb and I dated for about two years, and we enjoyed life to the fullest. We never had intercourse, but Barb was an expert at giving head, and during those two years, I got enough blow-jobs to last me three lifetimes.

Having dated Barb for so long, I had nearly become an honorary member of the family. Barb's grandmother, who lived about three hundred miles away, had died, and Barb and her family were to go away for a weekend for the funeral. As it turned out, Jan, Barb's sister, got sick Friday morning, and they thought that they were all going to have to stay home. As a last minute thought, Barb's mom called my mom to see if I could come over for the weekend and stay with Jan so that they could continue with their plans. My mom saw no problems, and I really didn't mind, so I threw a couple of things in a bag and went over.

After getting all of the instructions, emergency phone numbers, etc., Barb's mom informed me that Jan still wet the bed (the big family secret), and that I'd probably have to